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NUMBER 43

OUR BIG DOLLAR SALE.

Cohn Bros

FOR **\$1.00** YOU CAN BUY

For One Dollar you can buy 10 yards Gingham in this season's best styles for Ladies' and Misses Dresses was sold up to date at 15c. a yard.

For One Dollar you can buy 12 yards Fast Black Sateen, was 15c. a yard.

For One Dollar you can buy 10 yards printed Pongee in the best dress styles, was 15c. a yard.

For One Dollar you can buy 8 yards 36in. Fancy Bedford Cord, was 20c. a yard.

For One Dollar you can buy 10 yards Navy Blue Fancy Percale, was 15c. a yard.

For One Dollar you can buy 7 yards Anderson's Scotch Zephyr Gingham in choice dress styles, our regular 25c. Gingham.

Big Dollar SALE.

\$1. ... \$1.

For One Dollar YOU CAN BUY

For One Dollar you can buy a 26in. Finest Black Gloria Silk Sun Umbrella, very best style handles, was \$1.50.

For One Dollar you can buy a Black Silk Carriage Shade, was sold at \$1.50.

For One Dollar you can buy a yard of heavy 24in. Black Faille Francaise, our regular \$1.50 goods.

For One Dollar a yard, you can buy our best 27in. Black Twilled India Silk, was \$1.50.

For One Dollar you can buy 16 yards good Bleached Muslin, only one dollar's worth to one purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy 12 yards of the very best Bleached Muslin, made, only one dollar's worth to one purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy 16 yards Lawrence L.L. and other popular brands 4-4 Brown Sheeting, only \$1 worth to one purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy 5 yards of very best 10-4 Bleached Sheeting, regular selling price \$1.00, only one dollar's worth to one purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy 10 yards of best Bleached Pillow Slipping, regular price 15c. a yard, only \$1.00 worth to one purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy 16 yards of good White Shaker Flannel was 10c. a yd

Monday being Pioneer Day Our Establishment Will Be Closed.

ON TUESDAY MORNING A GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.

—WE SHALL BEGIN—



It will be the grandest and greatest chance ever offered the citizens of Salt Lake to secure genuine bargains at very lowest prices. This will be the greatest effort of our July Clearing Sale and will no doubt be thoroughly appreciated. We give a partial list of the goods we shall offer for the small sum of ONE DOLLAR; and at the same time we wish to state that there will be NO LIMIT on any of these goods unless distinctly stated in this advertisement. Be sure and attend this sale as we shall give you the BIGGEST DOLLARS WORTH you ever saw or heard of for your DOLLAR.

116 and 118

Cohn Bros

MAIN ST.

For One Dollar YOU CAN BUY

For One Dollar you can buy 4 yards best Table Oil Cloth in white or colored.

For One Dollar you can buy 1 dozen Honey Comb Bath Towels, size 18x36.

For One Dollar you can buy the best White Crochet Red Quilt made, only one to a purchaser.

For One Dollar you can buy a dozen good 5-8 Irish Linen Damask Napkins, was \$1.40.

For One Dollar you can buy a Fancy Bordered German Linen Lunch Cloth 2 yards long, was \$1.40.

For One Dollar you can buy a handsome Fancy Bordered Fringed Cream Irish Linen Damask Table Cloth. 8-4 in size, was \$1.50.

For One Dollar you can buy one Laundry Shirt, one Linen Collar, one handsome Tie, all for \$1.00, actual value \$1.65.

For One Dollar you can buy a handsome Madras Cloth Men's Negligee Shirt, regular price \$1.75.

One Dollar will buy 2 handsome Silk or Satin Neck Ties, reduced from 75c. a piece.

One Dollar will buy 3 pair Ladies' Black Lisle Hose, best German make worth 50c. and 60c. a pair.

One Dollar will buy 7 pair Misses' Black Derby Ribbed Fast Black Hose, all sizes, the most durable stocking made in this country.

For One Dollar you can buy Balls Kato latest improved long waisted Corset, in white, drab and black, was \$1.50.

Cohn Bros

FOR **\$1.00** YOU CAN BUY

For One Dollar you can buy 2 Ladies' Muslin Night Gowns, V necked, full sleeves, ruffled and tucked yoke, were 75c. a piece.

For One Dollar you can buy 2 Ladies' Box Pleated Waists in light and dark percale.

For One Dollar you can buy 4 Calico Basques with ruffle, or a ladies' Calico Wrapper with circular yoke.

For One Dollar you can buy 5 Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests, silk finish, fancy colors, white and cream, were 35c. a piece.

For one dollar you can buy 5 Ladies' Irish Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, laundered, value 33 1-3c. a piece.

For One Dollar you can have your choice in newest style gauze fans, feather fans or Silk Fans, and very handsome Japanese Fans, former prices \$1.25 to \$1.65.

Big Dollar SALE.

\$1. ... \$1.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE

G. H. Snell in the Land of the Ottoman.

TURKISH HABITS AND CUSTOMS

Entertaining Letter About the Principal Features of an Ancient and Wonderful City.

Correspondence of THE HERALD.

Constantinople, Turkey, June 25, 1892.

The writer, still rambling over the earth's crust, has found it worth very thin in places, with an occasional possibility of breaking through, at least to the usual mortality depth, and without the usual services over the remains. What with Japanese earthquakes terrifying that simple arctic people from sheltered Umoto in the north to far Sapporo in the south; Chinese horrors in Kowloon and Canton; smallpox in the "black towns" of Singapore and Ceylon, and the departing footsteps of Asiatic cholera leaving Damascus by the eastern exits as your correspondent, listening and waiting, stands in on the opposite side!

The traveler fares slowly who fares towards Damascus by Imperial Ottoman diligence. He leaves Beyrout at the first streak of dawn, when the Anti-Lebanon mountains are yet purple in the fast-fading gloom, and taking his seat, the mountain lumbering vehicle and the six mules, three abreast, toll slowly up the zigzag ascent from whence came and still come the clouds of Lebanon; the young Turkish lady who shares his seat looks with quiet, but persistent courtesy, that he shall share her lunch which comprises coarse bread, an assortment of fruit and a substance which resembled boiled tripe or some other inferior arrangement.

GENERAL INQUIRY.

We pass through non-berles settlements on hill and plain, but they have the look of all Mohammedan towns due to the absence of women's faces or rather to the veiling of them. Then again there is a by-blows inactivity about their streets, which look as if nothing could ever happen there, where only the moon goes up and down, nothing else waxes or wanes. If a store or two is seen, they are generally empty in the last stages of commercial decay; when the diligence stops to change animals, which they do every hour, no curious junkies or appear in the doorway or in the silent deserted streets; only some drowsy nestlers come out, evidently in a trance and with listless apathy, commencing undressing the hamper legs. Once during the day an outlier who appeared to make up with a start, asked our Hungarian driver, "How many have you got?" but the condition of the driver and the ostler's glance at the diligence rendered it uncertain whether his question applied to detritus tremors or the number of passengers.

DAMASCUS.

Finally, towards nightfall we descended through a mountain defile and entered Damascus, the oldest city in the world. Its name begins in Genesis with the oldest patriarchs and continues to modern times. While Babylon is a heap in the desert and Tyre a ruin on the shore, it remains what it was in the time of the prophet Isaiah. And here is the river which made the city for

all time, and which Naaman, not unnaturally preferred to all the waters of Israel. The habitations of men must always have been gathered around it, as the Nile has invariably attracted an innumerable population to its banks. The desert is a fortification round Damascus, the river is its life. For miles about it is a wilderness of gardens with roses among the tangled shrubberies and fruit on the branches overhead. Caravans of laden camels come and go from Bagdad and Mecca as of old; oriental merchants sit and smoke over their costly bales in dim barabars; drowsy groups sip their coffee in kiosks overlooking the river, and all the picturesque costumes of the east mingle in the streets and crowd the kiosks. Marble minarets, golden crescents glittering on massive domes, towers and terraces of level roofs rise out of a sea of foliage; white palaces and harems shine with ivory softness through dark green groves which smile in depth and loom in the twilight of the city to which Paul was journeying when miraculously converted by a great light from heaven.

The population of Damascus is placed at 150,000, nine-tenths of whom are Mohammedans, notorious for their fanaticism against foreigners. Our own party was generally handsome and energetic Helvets in the "street called straight." There are about 6,000 from the lost tribes and the balance are made up mainly by Christian Syrians, Armenians, and a few Jews. The town contains many Russian refugees of the chosen race, and gaudy and wretched they are indeed, the very reverse of the generally handsome and energetic Helvets of our own city (no soap goes with this). The autocrat of Russia, czar of the oppressor, he should be termed, has caused much discontent among the people and his dissipation travelers would not be sorry to see his own populace peeled and scattered in turn.

JOURNEYING TO TURKEY.

But I soon grew weary of Damascus and its pleasant day and night. Beyond the city we set out for Turkey, when the over-freshening breeze blew us on towards the island of Cyprus and Rhodes and Smyrna, at all of which places brief stops were made. The days were pleasant and the nights perfect with the Mediterranean moon up, round, round and bright and with scarcely a ripple on the sea to break the path of light she made across the waters. Passing through the Grecian Archipelago and the Dardanelles, we went up the Golden Horn, entered the Bosphorus and lay to anchor at Stamboul, with the innocent white walls of the Seraglio gleaming among lemon groves. What tales of romance, love, lust, blood and treachery those walls could tell of its inmates; but when a girl enters that harem her face is never seen again, and as she is dead to the world as if the grave had already closed above her; faint, limbed women with fettered feet. To profane the sanctity of the harem is a crime, no doubt, the least that no mercy is shown to intruders, while the inmate offending, though the offense be mere indiscretion, is hurried to her doom with pitiless haste; force, vindictive speed, rude force and savage pain close the story of her life.

CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our Austrian Lloyd steamer came into view of Constantinople about daylight. There is no city in the world presenting a finer exterior view than that of the capital of the Ottoman empire. A passport is demanded and custom house inspection follows, and that is either careless or capricious according to the amount of baggage allowed or "greasing" done, that being the all-powerful regulator in the east. The customs prohibit the entry of the following articles, which, if found, are subject to the

thorough and tardy inspection of a censor, who will output the offending leaf or article if illegible. Hooks and newspapers on Turkey, criticizing the government, or discussing anything political, are considered photographs of the sultan or Turkish women and all foreign clergies or claretists. Here, as in India and Egypt, there are sundry and on every piece of money he finds the cupretones at every corner, and the traveler finds it necessary to deal with them and lose two to three pias, say 4 to 5 cents, on every piece of money he carries. Hence provident buyers pay out their large money and board the change. Carriage fare is found to be more than in any country since leaving America. 75 cents for the first and second hour, and 50 cents for each succeeding hour. The street cars are stored, unimpeachable, dirty and noisy, and the passengers are crowded in one of the cars with a drawn curtain separating them from the men. This being the month of Ramadan, the only one in the year when the fast is observed, the streets are empty, and the only conveyance within reach, being enchanted, according to his usual custom, the traveler is obliged to wait for the horse and carriage, and outside that meet him at every turn.

The Turkish Turk does not use ordinary time, and as they time things, he has the setting of the sun in the closing in of one day, or 12 o'clock. As the sun varies every day in its setting, the clock must be regulated as often. The calendar sold in the east, however, indicates but six changes, being the 21st of February, April, June, August, October and December. There are travelers in the east who carry watches with two sets of hands, one indicating European and the other Turkish time. Thanks to the carrying out of a few sanitary measures the epidemic which usually broke out almost annually in the dominions of the Turk have been localized and Constantinople for a number of years has been free from these "scourges of God."

The marvelous strength of the Ottoman empire (Rumalia) has not been overrated. The majority of these are Armenians and they stop at nothing, from a small village to an iron safe, walking off with it on their backs through the miserably paved, steep and winding streets from one end of the town to the other. They use a stiff, hard pad that may explain a part of the miracle. It is the length and width of the back, the shape of a wedge and flattened around the shoulders, the thick (six-inch) end of the wedge resting on the spine. As to the character of these porters, they are insolent and impossible to satisfy. They consist of an organized body of men and have certain unalienable privileges among themselves and the authorities. From ten to fifteen are told off to be porters for such and such a district, and were betide the man who thinks to get his household goods, his furs and Penates, moved from one district to another by less exacting or "non-union" men. Before the latter can get a couple of blocks he will be thrown down, his load on top, and an assault added for invading recognized rights.

MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERISTICS.

Since water pipes have been brought into the Pera quarter large fires have become frequent, but outside of Pera the burning down of one to ten wooden houses (which material predominates) is almost of weekly occurrence, making a hundred to 150 houses which annually blaze away. The last great fire was in 1870, when half Pera with 6,000 houses and nearly 4,000 people were burned, and later, in 1880, the destructive flames rolled over Scutari and in little more than ten hours left almost the entire district in cinder. They have a military fire bri-

gade (life Alai) well enough organized, and it appears to work well, but the narrow, tangled streets renders it difficult for them to get their engines close enough. Constantinople can and does boast of an unique body of men known as "Tulum-bages" (pump men). They are porters, laborers, etc., etc., of every nationality, and the nationalities are manifestly here, who at the first alarm, given from a great tower with flags and red balls by day, and colored lights from the same place by night, are up and off, carrying a small engine on their shoulders. Rushing along the streets, barefooted and half naked, upsetting and running over everything and everyone who chances to be in the way, they scream and howl all the time like a Liberal procession. They may have to run an hour or two before reaching the place, but that makes no difference to them, at least; exhaustion and they are strangers. When the fire is reached they advance and then, they promptly set to work, and, rushing into the burning house, and under the pretense of saving the goods, pile everything they can lay their hands on into one heap in the middle of the floor and dip water onto it; they can frequently prevent the spread of a fire, however, by getting water into the burning house, so the influence of both parties had the benefit and his slick brought back in full cry.

As seen from the Galata tower the location of Constantinople is unquestionably the finest in the world for a great capital.

To the south is seen Galata and Stamboul, the north comes Pera, Panchal and other heights called Behtekash, with Yedigöller, the residence of the sultan. On the west lie Kasim Pasha, a tall land, the hills of Ayas and the valley of the European Sweet-water.

As to the city itself of 500,000 inhabitants, take away the mosques with their attendant minarets, the velvet promenades and the fairs, the dogs and bazars and the sultan's city is as thoroughly modern as Paris, as fast and uninteresting as any western city of the place.

The public have mart for the sale of Circassian girls was abolished about thirty years ago, but it is said to be still secretly carried on by Circassian dealers in certain coffee houses here. The exact whereabouts these transactions take place is, however, a secret which your Moslem wanderer guards from the prying eyes of his "dogs of infidels."

pass on the chorus, so the barking, howling and whining echoed far and near goes on, not disturbing the resident Turk who can sit apart what long custom has made necessary to his complete freedom. The stranger, however, is willing to dispose of his share in lots to suit. Should a dog become rabid, which rarely occurs in this equable climate, the police promptly kill every dog in that street. When, shortly after, from some source a new and complete set install themselves in these, for once, dog-decked haunts. There is a Turkish proverb that the disappearance of the dog will take the Ottoman empire with it. Personally I am satisfied the proverb may safely be reversed.

THE THIRD VISITATION

that frets your troubled sleep is the night-watchman (bekchi), who prowls about the streets, coming under the silent windows and striking on the pavement with a heavy iron-robed stick the hours of the night, or otherwise letting you know that he is on duty. To the joy of residents and travelers, this custom was once abolished for a brief period, but our friends deprived of the accustomed lullaby could sleep no longer, and thieves were in dispute; not knowing the guardian's whereabouts they were unable to avoid him, so the influence of both parties had the benefit and his slick brought back in full cry.

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INTERESTING CHRISTIANITIES.

In the meagre collections at the museum, I saw the jewelry and other antiquities found by Dr. Schliemann at Troy, a number of Babylonian stone cylinders with inscriptions, which probably furnished the idea for a revolving press, one of the heads of the serpentine column of the hippodrome on which rested the sacred golden tripod of the oracle at Delphi, and some metallic coffins or caskets as we call them, exhumed at Bagdad and not less than twenty centuries old.

assassinated in his palace, you may also remember the American paragraphist who spoke of him after that event as Abdul A. wuz.

G. H. SNELL.

DYING WORDS OF NOTED MEN.

"It is well."—Washington.
"I have peace."—Parkerburst.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"They will be done."—Donne.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Steno.
"Then I am safe."—Cromwell.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"And is this death?"—George IV.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"God's will be done."—Blissard Kerr.
"God will save my soul."—Hurghley.
"Lord, take my spirit."—Edward VI.
"Lord, make haste."—H. Hammond.
"Lord, receive my spirit."—Cranmer.
"The artery comes to beat."—Hallier.
"Don't give up the ship."—Laurence.
"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
"God preserve the emperor."—Hayda.
"I go to God and Davison."—J. Heyn.
"I am about to die."—Samuel Johnson.
"Independence forever."—John Adams.
"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Chesterfield.
"I shall be happy."—Archbishop Sharp.
"Don't let poor Nellie starve."—Charles II.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"Refresh me with a great thought."—Herbert.

"I thank God I have done my duty."—Nelson.
"Pray to God to take me soon."—John Kitto.
"I feel as if I were myself again."—Walter Scott.

"An emperor should die standing."—Vespasian.
"The best of all is, God is with us."—John Wesley.
"This day let me see the Lord Jesus."—Jewell.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alder.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Raleigh.
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Thurloew.

"I loved God, my father, and liberty."—De Staël.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.
"My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers."—Richter.

"James, take good care of the horse."—Wilhelm Scott.
"Many things are becoming clearer to me."—Schiller.

"I feel the daisies growing over me."—John Keats.
"What is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"Taking a leap in the dark. Oh, mystery."—Thomas Paine.
"Let the earth be filled with his glory."—Earl of Derby.

"There is not a drop of blood in my hands."—Frederick V.
"I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."—Thomas Hobbes.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.
"Here, veteran, if you think it right, strike."—Clover.

"My days are past as a shadow that returns not."—R. Hooker.
"I thought that dying had been more difficult."—Louis XIV.

"O Lord, forgive me specially my sins of omission."—Luther.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"It is small, very small," alluding to her neck.—Aous Bojoly.

"Let the earth be filled with his glory."—Blissard Houghton.

"Let me hear those notes so long my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."—Marco Bozaris.

"We are as near heaven by sea as by land."—Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
"I do not sleep, I wish to meet death awake."—Maria Theresa.

"I redden my soul to God; my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.
"I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."—Philip Sidney.

"Farewell, Livin, and ever remember our lone union."—Augustus Caesar.
"I have sent for you to see how a christian can die."—Addison to Warwick.

"Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit."—Christopher Columbus.
"This is the last flickering of a lamp that has long been burning."—General Wood.

"I want nothing, and I am looking for nothing but heaven."—Phil Melancthon.
"I have seen all things, and all things are of little value."—Alexander Severus.

"Remorse! Remorse! Write it! Write it! Larger! Larger!"—John Randolph.
"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."—Calamagorath.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict."—Lord Tenterden.
"I thank God that I was brought up in the Church of England."—Bishop Gunning.

"O Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"—Mme. Roland.
"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."—Stoneval Jackson.

"Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; pay it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not."—Socrates.
"Excelsior!!" Lithographing, printing, blank books, Kelly & Co., 33 W. Second South.

EXCURSION RATES

Via Union Pacific.

July 23, 24 and 25 the Union Pacific will sell excursion tickets from Salt Lake as follows:

To Woods Creek and return, 15c.
Ogden Hot Springs and return, \$1.50.
Weber and return, \$2.
Coalville and return, \$2.50.
Park City and return, \$2.50.

And to all other points at one fare for the round trip.

A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Via the Rio Grande Western. Excursion rates every day. Low rates on Sundays. Ticket office 300 Main street.

THE AMERICAN

Fire Insurance company, of Philadelphia will insure you against fire.
H. J. GRANT & Co., Agents.

Put up in glass bottles only. IPANHA.

How to tell all the new and original signs are made by Peterson & Brown! We lead, others try to follow.

Refreshing and invigorating. IPANHA.

PROTECTION.
The "Pennsylvania" of Philadelphia will take care of you.
H. J. GRANT & Co., Agents.

Use our Daw Drop can goods. The best a good enough.
Rooms & Co.

SILVER PHOTO MOUNT WORKS.
No. 140 West North Temple.

Hotels, groceries, druggists and bars keep the IPANHA. Ask for it.